

Good Morning 664

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

★
Christine
Makes Her
Bow to
P.O. Albert
Brookes
★



STUART MARTIN writes on
AMERICAN CRIME

The Granite Woman And Her Paramour

JAMES J. CONROY, Assistant District Attorney, Queens County, New York, told me that although he had handled scores of murder cases he never trailed a case so peculiarly shuddering as the Snyder-Gray one.

Maybe you remember the uproar it caused. Albert Snyder, art editor of a sports magazine, was brutally strangled to death at his home in Queens Village, Long Island, on March 27th, 1927. (There are people who say that all art editors should be murdered, but that is the hoary joke of newspaperdom. And anyway it is never their wives who say it.)

The trial of Al. Snyder's wife, Ruth, and her paramour, Henry Judd Gray, shocked not only America, but the world. The newspapers called her the Granite Woman, and lots more besides. In this case the newspapers were about right.

You have to go back of the trial to get some of the hidden facts I am going to relate—facts that are the real inside story that never came out. Just about 24 hours after the police had been notified of the crime James J. Conroy, A.D.A., swung into District Attorney Newcombe's office at 8 a.m.

Conroy had been telephoned to come at once. He went to his own room to throw his hat and coat on the stand. He noticed that his desk had been removed and in its place was a davenport. He stepped out to the corridor again, and almost collided with one of the police matrons, Mrs. Nan Hart.

Mrs. Hart was escorting a slender young woman who

appeared to be stunned at the news of the crime. And the slender young woman was Mrs. Ruth Snyder.

I remember her dress that fatal morning. She wore a handsome squirrel coat, a small hat. Yes, she looked a smarty.

The davenport had been placed in the office for her comfort and she took it at her ease. She seemed quite at home. First thing she did was to throw her wrap over the davenport and recline on the piece leisurely. And as she did so she spoke languidly in a kind of throaty voice. "Back to Waldorf Astoria," she drawled.

It was just then I peeked in at the door and saw the look on Conroy's face. The police matron saw it too. Said the matron: "No, she ain't crazy. She's referring to—"

But she got no farther for Inspector Gallagher, who was in charge of all the detectives in Queens County, stepped in, giving me a half-slip of his eyelid as he passed. I knew then it was a story.

For one thing Gallagher was unshaven. He had been on the job all night. For another, he had a terribly clear look in his eyes. And I knew when that look came into Gallagher's face he was hot on the scent, and would never let up till he ran the job to conclusion.

This was Gallagher's story as he told it to me.

At eight o'clock the previous morning, he had been notified that a man had been found dead at 9327, Two Hundred and Twenty-second Street. The

police doctor had already marked his sheet D.O.A. (dead on arrival). Twenty minutes after receiving the squeal Gallagher was at the door. There he met patrolman Tucker.

Says Gallagher: "What's the trouble?"

Says Tucker: "Guy by the name of Snyder found dead in bed. His wife claims there was a burglar. Neighbours across the way named Mulhauser discovered the body. Mrs. Snyder hasn't been told yet that Snyder's dead."

Gallagher stalked into the house, met there Detective Heyner who was standing thinking things out.

"What's up," says Gallagher.

Heyner got out of his thinking spell and replied: "Damn funny thing. She's upstairs in

could have untied her ankles—if she had been conscious?"

"You bet. But the neighbours put her to bed. She was suffering from shock, they said."

Gallagher went up to the room where the man's body was lying. Around Snyder's neck was a piece of picture wire, doubled, his hands tied back with a towel; but they were loosely tied. Gallagher noted from the state of his pyjamas that there didn't seem to have been a fight. Gallagher rang for the doctor.

When the doctor came Gallagher put some questions to him. One was: "If she had been struck such a blow as to knock her out all that time there would be some mark?"

The doctor said there was no doubt of that.

"Does she suspect that you think she is lying?" asked Gallagher swiftly, cleanly, without preliminaries.

"She knows it," answered the doctor grimly, "and she knows I know she is lying."

Gallagher went into the room where Mrs. Snyder was resting. It was a prettily furnished apartment. There were texts on the wall. One of them was: "Cast thy Burden on the Lord and He will sustain Thee."

"Mrs. Snyder," he said sympathetically, "I've come to get the rights of this affair. I'm sorry to intrude."

She lay watching him, and it seemed that her eyes were of a greenish tint. "Well?" she said. And then she told her story of attack by a burglar.

Gallagher listened, then went downstairs again and spoke to one of his men. Then back up to Mrs. Snyder. In a minute or so in comes the cop Gallagher had spoken to with a slip of paper in his hand.

"That man, chief," he announced, "is dead now."

Gallagher never looked at the cop; he was looking all the time at Mrs. Snyder. The whole thing was a trap. Gallagher wanted to know how she would take it, since she was supposed not to know her husband was dead.

She never blinked an eye.

She never made an exclamation. She never moved. But she was wide awake all the time. And there was no mark, no bruise to show where she had been struck down.

Gallagher left her and went downstairs. This time he met Lieutenant "Marty" Brown, who was also on the case. Brown motioned to Gallagher to come into a room and they sat down at a table.

"Come on, Lieutenant," said Gallagher, "what have you found?"



"'Ear that? 'E wants to see a menu!"

bed, and claims burglars knocked her out as she was walking along the corridor last night. Says a fur coat and jewels were stolen. Says she and her husband didn't hang together well, anyway. Looks funny to me."

Now Gallagher was a wise cop. He stalked on, began to look around the rooms. He noted that several things were lying around that no burglar would have left behind—sterling silver stuff. It looked to him as if somebody had been searching for something, in these rooms, not prying open things to steal.

From Tucker and other patrol men he got the information that the neighbours had found Mrs. Snyder lying in the corridor unconscious. They found her husband lying dead in a room where there were twin beds.

"Were her hands bound?" asked Gallagher.

"No, but her feet were tied." "Then," says Gallagher, "she

CHRISTINE, the little daughter whom you haven't yet seen, was making it quite clear that she was the most important person to be interviewed at 50, Brooksby Street, Barnsbury N.1, when we called to get some news from home for you, P.O. Albert Brookes.

She is a fine, lively baby, and your wife Irene had quite a job to keep her still for the photograph. But as babies are our photographer's favourite subject, he was soon sitting on the floor giving animal impersonations. The expressions this exhibition drew from Christine were really a joy to behold.

We need hardly tell you that Irene is longing for you to come home and see this addition to the family.

Talking of additions to families reminds us of Tibby. That firmly established "tom-cat" has completely disgraced "himself" by producing a batch of kittens. This was thought no end of a joke at Number 50, where Tibby was considered, according to "his" habits, to be out-and-out male.

Irene suggested Tibby's behaviour might have been due to the spring weather, or, maybe, to a desire for revenge against Ronnie for pulling out "his" fur. Well... it's an idea, we suppose.

Ronnie is a sturdy little chap, in spite of your wife's saying he still talks like Horace Hemsley. We guess he was hurt about this because he wouldn't say a word to us. However, although he was a little shy at first, he did agree eventually to having a photograph taken for his Daddy.

Now for some news of other folk.

Gladys wants to be remembered to you and wishes you the very best of luck and a safe return home. She adds that it will give her great pleasure to look after the children when you and Irene want an evening out together.

Irene says she is certainly looking forward to doing a show in town again, and also to those walks you used to take in Hyde Park. Don't keep her waiting too long, Albert.

George calls sometimes, and says he is getting your letters regularly. He, too, hopes it won't be long before you get home again.

Irene has the last word. She concludes, "Look after yourself, and don't forget to take care of the carpet!"

That cryptic remark ends your personal message from home, Albert, and brings with it the very best wishes from the folk in Brooksby Street.

The lieutenant grunted. "The folks that staged this burglary," he said, "must have been reading secret service romances, where the hero returns to find his rooms ransacked. Her story is bunk, even if she tells it well. But it's going to be dam' hard to get her to come through. The fingerprint men will get nothing anywhere."

He took from under his coat a new, heavy window-sash weight and thumped it on the table. "This might not have been the thing that struck Snyder first," he said, "but I'll bet you a week's wage it was."

Examination showed that the weight had been scrubbed clean. Gallagher ran upstairs again and saw underneath the dead man's head, some drops of blood on the pillow.

He was on the way to Mrs. Snyder's room when he heard her screaming at the top of her voice, "Get out! I will not answer any more questions. Get out!"

When Gallagher entered the room she rose to a crescendo of fury, hurling abuse at a detective who was there. But the detective was standing there unperturbed. Gallagher took one look at her and said firmly: "Mrs. Snyder, I must request you to get up and dress. You are coming down with me to the station house."

"Do you mean I am under arrest?" she bawled.

"Well," said Gallagher, "you've been wasting our time. Come down and clear yourself."

They got her down and it was there that I saw her facing Conroy.

There in that room with the D.A., and one or two others she tried to brazen out her story. But there Lieutenant "Marty" Brown kept smiling to her. He made a few casual remarks to her, but there was more behind the remarks than she knew.

She got so friendly with the lieutenant that she seemed to be making eyes at him.

And then came his voice, gently, friendly and sympathetically. "Say, Mrs. Snyder, how is Judd getting along?"

She looked up, laughing. "You mean Judd Gray? Oh, he's fine."

And again the lieutenant: "That's fine. Where is he now?"

"Selling corsets around Buffalo, I guess." And suddenly something snapped in her eyes. "How did you come to know Judd?" she asked quickly.

The lieutenant just smiled and nodded and left the room.

But once outside he swung to the telephone and got through to Buffalo. "Find a little travelling salesman named Judd Gray. Arrest him and bring him along."

"Who the devil is this Judd Gray?" asked the chief.

"The corset salesman who bought a new sash weight a few days ago," came the answer. "He and Mrs. Snyder have been carrying on for a bit."

And that is how Judd Gray came into the case. At the trial it came out that he had helped Mrs. Snyder to stun her husband, had choked him with wire, had staged the burglary.

But the biggest thrill of all was when the two were waiting for the last tramp to the death chair.

Good-bye Mr. Butler

"THE Duke" is dead. His passing leaves unsolved the mystery surrounding this picturesque character who is remembered by many as a morning shoe-black on No. 1 Platform of Southampton Central railway station.

Reputed to be 94 years old, this veteran of six wars and 42 years' Army service, looked quite twenty years younger, with his neatly-trimmed goatee beard and moustache, his straight back and boundless energy.

The clothes he wore were always good and immaculate, and he invariably favoured a check cap and spats! His cultured voice and charming manners and his conversation on subjects ranging from literature and the opera to horse-racing betokened a good education.

"The Duke's" residence for five years before his death was a Corporation lodging-house. From there he strolled each morning to the Central Station with his polishes and brushes in a brown paper parcel.

He was a man of means. He had been known to produce a thick wad of notes, and was very generous with his money. "There's no need for me to do this," he once said with a smile, referring to his shoe-shining.

To his acquaintances he was known as "Mr. Sawbridge"; his intimates called him "The Duke." After his death his identity card named him as "John George Butler," but the secret of his real name and background was taken with him to his grave in Hollybrook Cemetery.

We ALWAYS write
to-you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Wangling Words No. 603

- 1. Behead a useful instrument (common abbreviation) and get a sharpener.
- 2. Add two letters to a catch, shuffle them, and get a game.
- 3. What woman novelist had ON for the exact middle of her name?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: When he says give your "monnikers" he — your —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 602

- 1. V-an.
- 2. DAME—IN, MAIDEN.
- 3. ArNold.
- 4. Ramble, marble.

JANE

BILL'S LAPSE

(Continued from Page 2)

o' the kind, but Bill kept on as if 'e was drinking water.

"Think of the harmless pleasure you've been losing all these months, Bill," ses Ginger, smiling at him.

Bill said it wouldn't bear thinking of, and the next place they came to he said some rather 'ard things of the man who'd persuaded 'im to take the pledge. He 'ad two or three more there, and then they began to see that it was beginning to have an effect on 'im. The first one that noticed it was Ginger Dick. Bill 'ad just lit 'is pipe, and as he threw the match down he ses, "I don't like these 'ere safety matches," 'e ses.

"Don't you, Bill?" ses Ginger. "I do, rather."

"Oh, you do, do you?" ses Bill, turning on 'im like lightning; "well, take that for con-

tradictin'," he ses, an' he gave Ginger a smack that nearly knocked his 'ead off.

It was so sudden that old Sam and Peter put their beer down and stared at each other as if they couldn't believe their eyes. Then they stooped down and helped pore Ginger on to 'is legs agin and began to brush 'im down.

"Never mind about 'im, mates," ses Bill, looking at Ginger very wicked. "P'r'aps he won't be so ready to give me 'is lip next time. Let's come to another pub and enjoy ourselves."

Sam and Peter followed 'im out like lambs, 'ardly daring to look over their shoulder at Ginger, who was staggering arter them some distance behind a 'olding a handkerchief to 'is face.

"It's your turn to pay, Sam," ses Bill, when they'd got in-

side the next place "Wot's it to be? Give it a name."

"Three 'arf pints o' four ale, miss," ses Sam, not because 'e was mean, but because it wasn't 'is turn.

"Three wot?" ses Bill, turning on 'im.

"Three pots o' six ale, miss," ses Sam, in a hurry.

"That wasn't wot you said afore," ses Bill. "Take that," he ses, giving pore old Sam a wipe in the mouth and knocking 'im over a stool; "take that for your sauce."

Peter Russet stood staring at Sam and wondering wot Bill ud be like when he'd 'ad a little more.

Sam picked himself up arter a time and went outside to talk to Ginger about it, and then Bill put 'is arm round Peter's neck and began to cry a bit and say 'e was the only pal he'd got left in the world. It was very awkward for Peter, and more awkward still when the barman came up and told 'im to take Bill outside.

"Go on," 'e ses, "cut with 'im."

"He's all right," ses Peter, trembling; "'e's the truest- 'arted gentleman in London. Ain't you, Bill?"

Bill said he was, and 'e asked the barman to go and hide 'is face because it reminded 'im of a little dog 'e had 'ad once wot 'ad died.

"You get outside afore you're hurt," ses the barman. Bill punched at 'im over the bar, and not being able to reach 'im, threw Peter's pot o' beer at 'im. There was a fearful to-do then, and the landlord jumped over the bar and stood in the doorway, whistling for the police. Bill struck out right and left, and the men in the bar went down like skittles. Peter among them. Then they got outside, and Bill, arter giving the landlord a thump in the back wot nearly made him swallow the whistle, jumped into a cab and pulled Peter Russet in arter 'im.

"I'll talk to you by-and-by," he ses, as the cab drove off at a gallop; "there ain't room in this cab. You wait, my lad; that's all. You just wait till

we get out, and I'll knock you silly."

"Wot for, Bill?" ses Peter, staring.

"Don't you talk to me," roars Bill. "If I choose to knock you about that's my business, ain't it? Besides, you know very well."

He wouldn't let Peter say another word, but coming to a quiet place near the docks he stopped the cab and pulling 'im out gave 'im such a dressing down that Peter thought 'is last hour 'ad arrived. He let 'im go at last, and after first making 'im pay the cabman, took 'im along till they came to a public-house and made 'im pay for drinks.

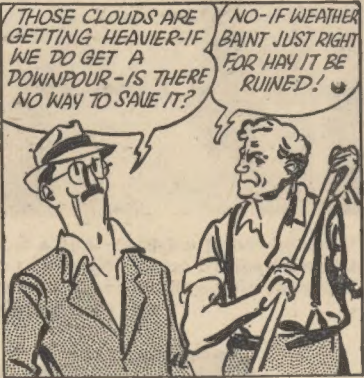
(To be continued to-morrow)

Alex Crack

A correspondent mentions that he once had a seat on the Board of Directors of a railway company. That's nothing. We once had a seat in a railway carriage.



RUGGLES

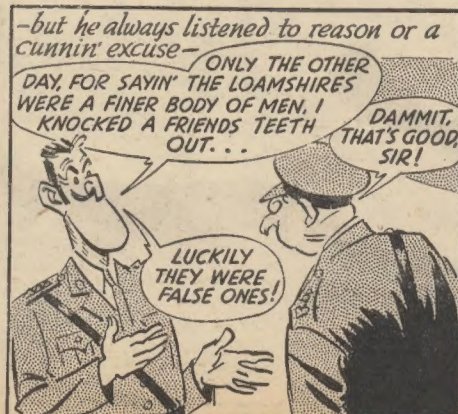


GARTH



JUST JAKE

hen I had cautiously removed myself, I went to the Colonel—a fine old fellow—though chronically crusty—At first his language was particularly "Poonah"—



—so I parted with my pack, but saved me honour... then I retired—yes I retired—I had practically skinned the Gertshires—

- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Ship's spar. 5 Eastern governor. 10 Refer. 12 Had on. 13 Part of flower. 14 Poetically black. 15 Crouch. 16 First appearance. 17 Splits. 18 Horse. 21 Upholstery fabric. 23 Respective. 26 Scrap. 27 Musically together. 30 Frown. 31 Brave. 32 Vases. 33 Eatable. 34 Save. 35 Coloured.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Frenchman. 2 Vocalist. 3 Blemish. 4 Was angry. 5 Eastern coin. 6 Cloth. 7 Pirate. 8 Stir up. 9 Shut. 11 Obtained. 16 Widened. 19 On land. 20 Verbal noun. 22 Valued. 24 Poems. 25 Wan. 26 Run into one. 28 Mug. 29 Slang hat. 31 Edge.

SCREEN SHOTS

IT is a dangerous life backstage at the Whitehall Theatre these days. A feature of Phyllis Dixey's "Peek-a-Boo" there is the table-tennis duel between Boros and De Courcy, which looks pretty strenuous from the stalls, but looks a dashed sight faster from the side of the stage when the little celluloid balls are flying.

This is the show where a lucky member of the audience plays ten points with Boros for a date with one of Jack Tracy's glamorous showgirls. Wizard Boros still ensures girl buys her own supper.

BACK from an overseas tour with E.N.S.A., Leslie Henson has opened at the Winter Garden with his revue, "The Gaeties." He is brilliantly supported by Hermione Baddeley, Walter Crisham and comedienne Avril Angers, and although there was a great deal too much material squeezed into the opening night, time should rapidly improve this show.

RAPIDLY rising radio star is former Windmill Theatre comic, Michael Howard, of the pale face and shy manner, who has scored lately in several broadcasts. Howard has a really big future before him.

Another frequent broadcaster is Cliff Gordon, who can also be described as "late of the Windmill."

CROSS-WORD CORNER

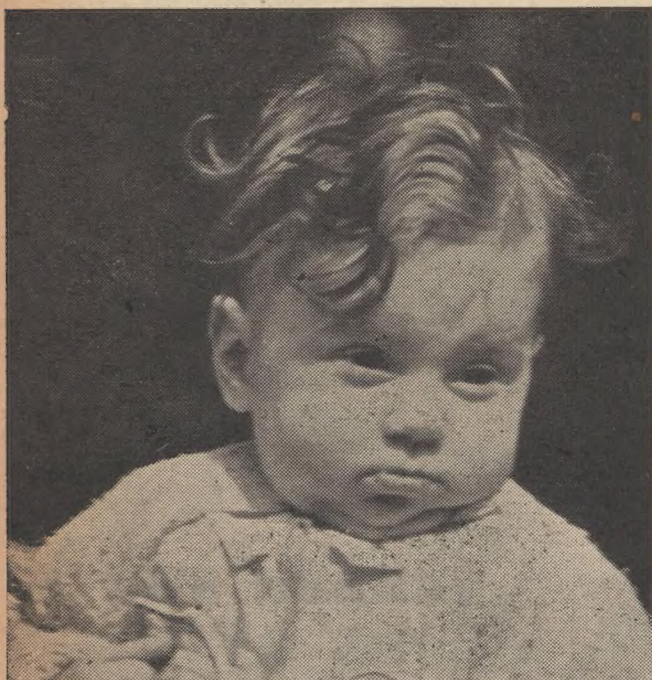
CROCUS CRAM
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AVERSE SORT
WINE LITTER
N AWLS E E
BELLE INDUS
UY ELSE N
SCRAPE GORE
MAIL WEAVER
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Good Morning

Here you are P.O. Albert Brookes. What do you think of these three pictures of that bouncing armful known as Christine? She looks a trifle belligerent in the first one, highly sceptical in the next and has turned on one of the sweetest smiles we have ever seen in the last. She must have heard that the pictures were for you.

Now here's an offer to all submariners who have bouncing armfuls at home. These pictures of little Christine Brookes were taken by "Good Morning" cameraman "Fuse" Wilson. He likes taking babies—and babies seem to like him. If you would like a photograph of your baby—just write in and we'll do our best to oblige.



There's enough steel in those corsets to build a battleship. And as she's Camille Clifford, the original Gibson Girl, we propose with your permission, to re-christen her—H.M.S. "Gibson Girl."



St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, was a Roman camp when the folk of these islands wore natty suits of woad and lived in caves. Now, of course, civilisation has laid its hand on St. Albans—and in St. Peter's Street alone there are a Woolworth's, a Home and Colonial and a Sainsbury's next door to one another. You lucky people!



"BOOMPS-A-DAISY"

We may be wrong, of course—but we still think, when it comes to finding new ways of displaying legs and lingerie, our "Jane" is tops. That doesn't mean that we don't find this "skirt tease" by Ann Sothern quite fetching. We do—quite!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"She's quite like Jane—from this angle!"

